

READ THIS STORY TODAY--THEN SEE IT IN MOVING PICTURES

YOU may see this story acted in moving pictures this afternoon or evening or any afternoon or evening within the next two weeks. Cut it out and save it. It will be shown at your neighborhood theater sooner or later. By special arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which represents the ten foremost American film-producing companies, The Washington Herald now offers its readers the unique opportunity of reading every morning a complete story which will be released throughout the United States

in moving picture form on the same day. See the play today if you can. If you cannot, see it later. Frequent announcements will keep you posted as to where to go.

These stories, which appear only in The Herald, comprise the best of the picture plays produced in America. They are not hastily prepared outlines, but finished works of fiction, prepared in collaboration with the scenario writers weeks before the picture plays are released, and are well worth reading, whether you see the pictures or not.

THE ACID TEST.

"Graft!" snorted Kerrigan, the young city attorney. He had just finished the reading of the craftily worded franchise proposition submitted by the attorney of the Inter-City Rapid Transit Company. "Brazenest piece of graft I ever saw. Do you suppose," he asked himself, "that the hardened old sinner intends to sell his daughter for \$10,000,000?"

With a contemptuous shrug he tossed aside the document the city council had submitted for his opinion. His nimble legal mind had grasped at once the insolent though shrewdly veiled attempt of the Inter-City Rapid Transit to obtain an extension of right-of-way without giving the city a penny in return. It was his plain duty to recommend that the ordinance be rejected. But the situation was complicated. For, as Fate would have it, the Inter-City Rapid Transit consisted largely of one George Periolat, traction magnate and power in politics, and George Periolat happened to be the father of the dearest girl in the world.

For a moment Kerrigan groaned and almost wished that some other than Warren Kerrigan were city attorney. But only for a moment. Then his jaws snapped doggedly and he promised himself that though love and politics were supposed to make a bad mixture he would win in both.

"Well, my boy, have you written that opinion yet?" asked some one at his elbow. Warren had been so absorbed in thoughts that he had not noticed the arrival of the father of the dearest girl in the world. Periolat eyed him with shrewd and inscrutable eyes. His entire five-foot and ten inches bristled with energy and exuded impetuous pugnacity. Just the kind of man, Kerrigan knew, who either wins men or breaks them.

He kicked a chair toward him and Periolat sat down. "See you've been reading my franchise ordinance, eh?" he asked. "Greatest thing ever happened to this town, my boy. Means municipal wealth, vitality, and progress. Great opportunity for you, Warren. The city council, as I understand it, will be guided by your opinion. It is within your power to make or kill this town, my boy."

Kerrigan frowned. "If you think I'm a child who can be fooled by soft talk you're making the worst blunder of your life," he retorted. "This franchise ordinance is a brazen piece of thieves' and you know it. It's a grafting machine and let me tell you something—if you weren't Cleo's father I would kick you out of my office."

Periolat chuckled. There was a gleam in the eyes of the man who had made and unmade mayors and city attorneys that made him mean either one of several things. For a moment Kerrigan thought it was satisfaction and approval. But the traction magnate's next words destroyed that vague impression.

"I came to have an understanding with you in regard to this matter," he said, sternly. "You have asked me for the hand of my daughter. Maybe I am old-fashioned, but I demand a test of your worth. If it's an acid test it's all the better—the result will be the more convincing. I've decided to make this franchise measure a test of your capacity for judgment and action. Do as you see fit. Good day, sir."

Periolat strode imperiously from the office. He paused for a moment at the door and said to his secretary, "Tell Mr. Warren Kerrigan to come in this afternoon at five. He must tell her, and the sooner it is over the better. But the vision of Cleo's laughing eyes and the girl herself, white, slender, irresistible, incited rebellion between the city attorney and the lawyer. Warren roundly cursed the simple-minded voters who had made him city attorney. Shucks! Wasn't a girl like Cleo worth a thousand offices and a million franchises?"

Warren dipped his pen in ink and reached for the document. A few simple words and Cleo Madison would be his. A mere scratch of the pen! Others in his position would have done the same thing for a few paltry dollars.

The penpoint touched the paper and halted. A vision other than that of Cleo Madison obliterated itself. It was a white, shrunken face, the all-revealing face of a dying woman, and the sound of the whisper that had come from her lips:

"Be honest and upright, my son, and God will bless you."

Warren smiled wistfully as he pushed the ordinance aside. The decision seemed so simple, the victory so easy, now that he had resolved. How could the city ways and crafty tactics of Periolat ever have tempted him? He clenched his fingers and thought the tale of the bell-ringer and swore he would be a winner in both love and politics.

Cleo listened with a tense and troubled face as he told her that evening about the acid test and tried to explain the tribulations of a young man caught between politics and love.

"I must fight," he told her. "Either your father will break me or I him. It's



Both tried to listen to wonderful news at same time.

the only way—I couldn't do anything else and be true to you—and my dear mother. You wouldn't want me to do anything else, would you, sweetheart?"

She answered with a wonderfully expressive squeeze of his hand.

"You know I love you just as much, don't you, dear?" he asked boyishly. "There's nothing to do but fight. Your father has the reputation of being a great fighter. He may break me, but I—I have an idea I'll break him."

A thrill shot through the little hand that touched his own.

"Shake!" she cried impetuously. "I am with you whatever happens. We'll be pals, you and I."

And then, as he blurted out his love for her and crushed her to him, he knew defeat would be impossible.

He stepped to the platform in the city council chamber the next evening prepared to make the speech of his life. He thundered denunciation of the Inter-City Rapid Transit, tore to tatters its plot to defraud the city, and declared that each vote for the franchise would mark the voter a traitor to the people. He left the platform limp, shaking and perspiring, but the faces in the room told him the battle was won. And after the balloting it was found that the traction proposition had been defeated by a vote that was almost unanimous.

Doubts began to assail him as he left the room. Half the battle was won, but what about the other half? Periolat was a daring and unscrupulous fighter. If there was a way of taking Cleo from him, Periolat would do it.

Warren Kerrigan smiled and wondered what Periolat's next step would be. Whatever coup the crafty traction magnate might be planning, he had a suspicion it would descend upon his head with the force of an avalanche. Warren dared the old rascal to do his worst. And just then an office boy laid a sealed envelope on his table. Warren, recognizing the handwriting of old Periolat, tore it open.

The blow had fallen! But Warren was not yet certain as to the nature of the blow. It seemed mysterious. What could it mean? And again he read the brief note.

"Dear Sir: Your acid-proof honesty has cost me \$10,000,000. The messenger who brings this has full authority to decide your future relations with my daughter."

"GEORGE PERIOLAT."

Warren steeled himself for a struggle and ordered the messenger conducted into his office. And as the messenger entered the mystery deepened by several facts. Warren felt a pair of hands would about his neck and a warm kiss pressed to his lips.

"I don't see—I don't understand," he faltered. "Neither do I," declared Cleo. "Father told me to bring you this message. He said you would understand. What does it say?"

Warren read it to her.

"You goose!" she cried. "You simperton! It's perfectly plain. Father has given me authority to decide your future relations with his daughter—let that be said. And don't you know what my decision is, you dear?"

"Can it be possible—that that he has surrendered?" wondered Warren.

"Let's call him up. Let's both ask

him," suggested Cleo. "He is at his office." She seized the telephone and called a number. "That you, daddy? Yes; at Warren's office. He is such a goose—he doesn't understand your message. Want to talk to him? Just a moment."

"You young rascal!" barked Periolat, and both Warren and the girl tried to listen at once. "Don't you know your father has lost me ten millions? No; don't waste your sympathy—you needn't be sorry for me. Don't think I'll go to poorhouse for a while yet. You idiot, did I ever ask you to recommend that ordinance for adoption? I don't think I did, and I am a man who usually knows what he's talking about. I merely said I had decided to make it an acid test of your worth, didn't I? Why, you young rascal, if you had been cowardly enough to let me bluff you I should have kicked you out of my house the next time you called. Good day, sir, and let me mean you have both my daughter and my blessing."

The staid and decorous walls of the city attorney's office frowned upon the frivolity of lovers.

(Tomorrow: Discard and Harmony.)

REVERENTIAL SONG IN FACE OF DEATH

Distinguished Victim of Assassin's Bullet Related Words of Old Hymn.

The pathetic death bed of the martyred President McKinley served to fix the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the minds of the American people, at least as pre-eminently the anthem for the dying and the dead. In the newspaper reports of the loss of the Titanic the story was told that as the great ship slowly settled in the sea the band struck up those sweetly solemn strains, and many of the 1,600 perished in the face of approaching death joined in the reverential music. But Col. Archibald Gracie, a survivor of the disaster, who took great pains to collect the recollections of all others who escaped from the ill-fated ship, denies this statement in his book, "The Truth about the Titanic."

However, the story of the part of the song played in lighting the last hours of President McKinley will not soon fade from American memory. The physicians were about completing the administering of anesthetics when the President's lips were seen to move faintly, and one putting his ear close caught indistinctly the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

With this sublime expression of perfect confidence in his Maker the distinguished victim of an assassin's bullet passed away.

Mrs. Sarah Francis Adams, author of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was the daughter of an editor in Cambridge, England. She was what they call a "distant" descendant of the Rev. William J. Fox, who was the compiler of a hymn book to which she contributed thirteen hymns. Of these "Nearer, My God, to Thee" has won world-wide acceptance and is sung in every church, irrespective of creed or dogma.

The Herald's big song book contains this great hymn as well as all the other favorite songs. It is a book several copies of which should be in every family, for the family singing, whether of hymns or of the lighter melodies, in which this book abounds, is one of the most efficient ties that bind the home circle together.

"The Herald Song Book" on sale at the following places: F. G. Smith Piano Company, 127 P street northwest; House & Herrmann, Seventh and I streets; Charles M. Steiff, Adams, 1000-1010 P street northwest; Adams News Depot, Ninth and G streets northwest; Roland Wallace, 208 Ninth street northwest; Adams Depot, Mount Pleasant branch, 2740 Fourteenth street northwest; W. B. Holtzclaw, 1706 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, and E. J. Ervin, Fourteenth and Harvard streets northwest.

LECTURES ON TUNISIA.

Frank Edward Johnson, who has done more exploration in Tunisia, North Africa, perhaps than any living man, lectured before the Art and Archaeology League of Washington Saturday at its fifth regular meeting in Hirst Library, Georgetown University.

Mr. Johnson presented stereoscopic views on the Greek bronzes that were discovered in the Roman ship at the bottom of the Bay of Tunis several years ago. He also gave views of mosaics that he has seen in various parts of Tunisia. Prof. Mitchell Carroll, president of the league, presided.

DAILY SHORT STORY.

THE HUMAN PINCUSHION'S LUCK.

By MARGUERITE HELOISE DE TIENNE.

(Copyright, 1914.)

It was plain to every spectator of the side show of the Collins Colossal Consolidated Circus that Prof. Matt, the human pincushion, was greatly peeved about something. Instead of pushing the needle, hat pins and other sharp instruments into his arms, legs and face gently, as was his wont, he was jabbing them in viciously, as if trying to get even with himself for something. The side show manager made no attempt to stop him, because, if anything, it added interest and excitement to the act. The fact was that the professor that morning had asked for a raise, the same being denied. He wanted the raise so that he might marry Mrs. De Lotta, and when it was not forthcoming, Madame was forced to remain the partner of Signor Toselli.

The very French name of Mme. De Lotta belonged to a golden-haired, blue-eyed little Irish girl, while Signor Toselli was just as Italian as his name suggested him to be. The latter was a knife juggler and his specialty was to stand the little lady up against a blackboard and produce her silhouettes with nice shiny daggers. His former partner got "nerves" and went back to the old hotel, and little Mme. De Lotta was substituted.

She didn't like it one bit, firstly, because these wasn't any fun seeing knives flying at her and secondly, because she liked Signor Toselli about as well as Mr. Prospector liked his gold. She had begged and pleaded to remain as Mme. Charmy, the marvelous snake charmer, because it was so much safer to dally with a lot of harmless snakes. The only thing in the act which appealed to her was a double of salary. With that she could send several more dollars home to rear three boys up to the policeman's age.

Mme. De Lotta fell in love with the human pincushion the first day she saw him and the Human Pincushion did the same thing with her. The professor proposed, but she told him that her salary was the momentous thing, and that her marrying wouldn't help it. Then came the change in her acts and first of all, Signor Toselli fell in love with her, too.

Two-thirds like Caesar, Prof. Matt came, and saw; but the conquering was another proposition. While he was viciously puncturing his epidermis with sharp-pointed implements he was trying to study out some way of getting the little lady away from the signor. When his act was finished he looked over to where his sweetheart was standing and saw the quarreling. There were two acts before the speller would reach them, so when he was finished he jumped nimbly down from his platform and ran over to the knife juggler's stand.

"You'll stand here," he said, addressing her by her given name. "I want to see you after the next act."

"All right, Matt, dear," she answered sweetly. "I'll be over."

"No, no, no!" broke in Toselli. "You'll stand here, where I can see you. 'Huh!' she chirped in a most insulting tone, "how long since you've been my boss?"

Matt started to answer, but Marie clapped her little hand over his mouth. "I'll come over, dear."

"Now listen to me, Matt. I'll let you in on a secret. I'm going to cut the signor's throat with a knife. I'll be over with a knife, and when I become a little more expert I'll strike the boss for the job and I'll get it. A woman knife-thruster will be the drawing card that day."

Matt had grown mollified by this time and the proposition seemed to fascinate him. "But, kiddie," he asked, "who'll be your partner?"

"You, of course, dear."

"Me?" she laughed. "Me stand up and let a woman have daggers at me? Never! I love you, Marie, but when comes to being your target, excuse me!"

"Don't you think I can do it as well as that daggo mutt?" she demanded in a hurt tone.

"Maybe so, but your Uncle Matt will stay with the needle and hairpins for some days, thank you!"

"Then I won't try any more. I'll stay with Toselli."

"Here comes the speller, dearie, and I'll have to go through with my stunt again. We'll have to work out this problem some way, but it will have to be without my standing in for a knife target. I wouldn't do it for a million dollars an hour."

"Well, mister man, you will do it and you won't get a million an hour. You'll do it because I want you to, see?" With a happy little laugh she darted away.

"Ladies and gentlemen," roared the speller. "The next on the program is the world renowned Prof. Matt, the human pincushion. He can put a needle into any portion of his anatomy without feeling pain or causing blood to flow, and is the only one known to civilization. Step closer, please, and behold the wonder of the rest of your natural life!"

But Prof. Matt did not perform in his usual manner. He changed to look across to Toselli's platform and saw the knife-thruster. Another glint of steel and Matt's anatomy acquired another trophy, but he lingered not. Two or three more found soft spots in the pincushion, but he never hesitated.

Toselli's eyes began to bulge and before Matt reached him the dark-skinned little man had crept under the tent and was making his escape as fast as his short legs could carry him.

The crowd was in a panic. Women and children screamed and men made haste to seek cover. When they recovered, the professor stood calmly upon the knife-thruster's stand, picking the daggers from various portions of his anatomy. Marie would have helped him, but she had fainted at the first throw and was unconscious. Matt raised up his head, bathed her brow, and brought her to when she saw him alive and smiling, she promptly fainted again.

That night as the show train pulled out the manager was talking to Prof. Matt and Mme. De Lotta.

"I just knew you and that daggo were a. g. to have a run-in," he said to Matt. "And now one of our best bills is gone. I can't fire the new Madame Charmy, because she is going to marry the head lecturer before the Art and Archaeology League."

"I'll tell you what to do," broke in Marie. "Combine the pincushion act and the knife-throwing act. I'll throw the knives and Prof. Matt will stand in for the speller. Instead of trying to hit him, I'll decorate him until he'll look as beautiful as any pincushion you ever saw. The knives can't hurt him, anyway."

"Marie, you're a genius!" cried the manager delightedly. "If you and Matt

will double on that deal, I'll pay you two thousand a week!"

"We'll double, won't we, dear?" said Marie sweetly, as she wound her arms around the professor's neck.

"Yes, I guess I shall," replied the professor after a while. "And, Mr. Manager, we'll close the deal if you will act as best man."

ANACOSTIA CITIZENS FOR HALF-AND-HALF

Copies of Association's Resolution to Be Sent to Congress District Committee.

The Anacostia Citizens' Association, through its secretary, William J. Lattimer, today will send to the members of the District Committee of both branches of Congress, and to prominent officials in the District, the following resolution, which has been adopted unanimously by the association:

"Whereas, Washington is the Capital City of this great republic, and whereas more than 20 per cent of the value of the real estate is owned by the government, and not taxable, and whereas, Washington is not a commercial or manufacturing city, but principally a city of homes, therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Anacostia Citizens' Association, hereby protests against any law or scheme whereby the private property of the District of Columbia shall be taxed to exceed 50 per cent of the amount necessary to run the government of said District, and we do further declare that we regard any attempt to place on the taxpayers of said District the full burden of maintaining the government of the District of Columbia, as unfair, unjust, and un-American."

A special meeting of the Potomac Baseball League was held yesterday afternoon at the residence of its president, Dr. William A. Watson, in Nichols avenue. It was decided not to affiliate with the amateur association of the District, but to stand independent ball. The officers believed that in this way the league can be maintained on a better footing, especially in regard to finances. The report of the recent entertainment and smoker indicated that a large sum had been realized.

J. V. Conway, proprietor of a grocery store at Convent avenue and Morris road, has asked the police of the Eleventh precinct to try to locate the person who appropriated the store from in front of the store each morning.

Anacostia Lodge, No. 21, F. A. A. M., will meet tonight in Masonic Hall, when degree work will be accomplished. It was Sunday in Emmanuel Episcopal Church that the preacher at the service next Wednesday evening will be Rev. George F. Dudley, rector of St. Stephen's Church, Washington. On Thursday evening next, Rev. Charles E. Buck, rector of Rock Creek Parish, will preach.

FOR ALASKA-CANADA ROAD.

Lane Writes Official He Hopes to See All Rail Route to U. S.

Secretary of the Interior Lane yesterday received a telegram from Richard McBride, Prime Minister of the province of British Columbia, congratulating the United States on the Alaska railroad bill, signed yesterday. Secretary Lane replied to this message as follows:

"I will take great pleasure in submitting your cordial telegram to the President, and I trust the time will come when Canada and the United States can co-operate in a line of railroad running from Alaska through Canada to the United States. The Canadian Northern Railroad is now within 1,000 miles of our border. I believe an all-rail route from Alaska to the United States entirely practicable and certain to come."

CAN'T KEEP OUT OF JAIL.

Topeka, Kans., March 15.—Arthur Patton, who in his twenty-nine years, has had only nine years of freedom, is in jail again with a new record.

Patton when nine years old was sent to the reform school for petty thievery. He was paroled, but had been free less than a week when arrested for stealing food from a home in Osage City. After finishing his expired sentence in the reformatory he returned to Osage City, where he was arrested for burglary and sent to prison.

Last summer Gov. Hodges paroled Patton from the penitentiary on the ground that he never had a chance. He was given a job in a packing house. He had worked hard and conscientiously until his recent arrest.

RAILROAD PROFITS ABROAD.

English exchanges now coming to hand contain annual statements of the railroads for 1913 and offer interesting reading on this side of the Atlantic by furnishing a basis for comparison with American figures.

The London papers of February 19 print the returns of twenty-two roads, showing the rate of dividend and the balance for the year just closed, and for the year preceding it. From these it appears that sixteen of the dividends have been increased, five are unchanged, and only one is reduced. The balance after paying the dividends total for all the roads over two and one-half million pounds for 1912 against one and three-quarter millions for 1911, indicating that the companies were not only able to divide larger profits among their shareholders, but that they were doing so.

This disclosure of profitable business is in marked contrast with the depressing reports of American railroads for the same period. The indication that something has been radically wrong in this country when the measure of domestic business reveals so wide a discrepancy here and abroad—Detroit Free Press.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE American Druggists' Fire Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

On the 31st day of December, 1913, as required under the District of Columbia Code, amended June 30, 1902, and August 18, 1911.

Capital stock paid up in cash	\$20,000.00
Capital stock paid up in bonds	30,000.00
Cash in office	\$2,148.33
Cash in bank	7,749.39
Real estate	None
Investments in bonds	None
Stocks and bonds (market value)	23,471.27
Premiums uncollected and in hands of agents	15,736.79
Interest due and accrued	6,256.16
Total admitted assets	\$101,361.54

Net unpaid claims	\$3,000.73
Reserve as required by law	37,697.63
Unpaid claims	None
Salaries, rents, expenses, taxes, etc.	2,167.70
Commissions, brokerage, etc.	None
Each dividend received since	None
Capital stock	50,000.00
All other liabilities	\$7,266.26
Total liabilities	\$101,361.54

Amount of risk assumed and character of business transacted during the year 1913:

Fire	\$10,846,702.00
Losses	2,170.20
Money received during the year 1913	\$12,574.74
Expended during the year 1913	\$10,728.77

FR. H. FREERICKS, H. A. GARY, President. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1914. DWIGHT S. MARFIELD, Clerk. Notary Public, Hamilton County, Ohio.

FINANCIAL.

SAME RATE of Interest Paid on Both Large and Small Accounts.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. EARNED SURPLUS, \$1,000,000.

One Step Nearer Financial Independence

Thousands of our depositors will get one step nearer financial independence when making their weekly or bi-monthly pay-day deposits.

Surely you will not let another pay-day pass without emulating the example of these thrifty, far-seeing people.

You do not require a large deposit to open an account here. A great many of our steady, progressive depositors are wage earners—men and women whose incomes are no greater than yours.

Remember, you will patronize THE OLDEST as well as one of THE STRONGEST savings depositories in Washington when you deposit your money in this bank.

Make a Determined Effort to Get Started THIS PAY DAY

OFFICERS: WOODBURY BLAIR, President. GEORGE HOWARD, Treasurer. CHARLES E. NYMAN, Secretary. FRANK W. STONE, 2d Vice Pres. FRANK STETSON, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS: Woodbury Blair, George W. Gray, John C. Boyce, William D. Hoover, James A. Buchanan, George Howard, William A. H. Church, Reginald S. Hudekoper, Walter C. Johnston, William V. Cox, Thomas R. Jones, William E. Edmonstone, Victor Kauffmann, Edward McLean, Samuel Maddox, William F. Quicksall, Frank W. Stone, William H. Walker, John L. Weaver, Henry K. Willard.

National Savings and Trust Company

Forty-Eighth Year. Cor. 15th Street and New York Avenue.

WASHINGTON AND SOUTHERN BANK

The Munsey Trust Company. Capital \$2,000,000 FULLY PAID IN.

FRANK A. MUNSEY President.

Call and see us; it will be worth while. Main Office, 1413 G Street N. W. Branch, Center Market.

J. SELWIN TAIT, President.

HASKINS & SELLS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS. 30 Broad Street NEW YORK.

LONDON, E. C. 3 Coleman Street.

Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, San Francisco.

ANNOUNCE the removal of their BALTIMORE OFFICE from the Equitable Building to the CALVERT BLDG., Telephone No. 81, Paul 5220 (Unchanged).

March 9, 1914.

THE SAFEST INVESTMENTS

Are those that do not fluctuate during disturbed conditions of the money or stock markets. First deed of trust notes (first mortgages) will secure the security of the District of Columbia, constitute "gold-edge" investments. They do not depend upon the financial responsibility of individuals or corporations for their stability, and are exempt from taxation as personal property. We can supply such investments in amounts from \$500 upward. Send for booklet, "Concerning Loans and Investments."

Swartzell, Rheem & Hensley Co., 127 15th Street Northwest.

W. B. Hibbs & Co. LOCAL SECURITIES bought and sold on same favorable terms as we offer for trading in New York stocks and bonds.

Hibbs Building

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE. NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS.

Office of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, Washington, March 10, 1914. At the tax sale of March 10, 1914, property assessed to the names of individuals who follow, and whose addresses could not be found, was sold for delinquent taxes, and if not redeemed on or before MARCH 19, 1914, when the redemption period expires, deeds therefor will be issued to the purchasers at the tax sale aforesaid.

Henry C. Anderson,	William E. Jenkins,
William H. Ashton,	John C. Jones,
Henry Baader,	Manor Park Securities & Development Co.,
John L. Becker,	William F. Quicksall,
James M. Brough,	Charles F. Marshall,
Frank Brader,	Harrie Middleton,
Mary A. Brown,	Charles E. Marshall,
Carrie Ann Burrell,	Joseph H. O'Brien,
Charles H. Butler,	John H. O